LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF LYMAN JEWETT

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Leaves from the Life

of

Lyman Jewett

By

Finette Jewett

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INTRODUCTION

YEARS ago I made the acquaintance of a little girl in India. She is most often seen in memory with her white-haired father, the dear companion of his leisure hours.

While his keen, active mind was absorbed in the difficult task of revising the Telugu Scriptures, it is indicative of the beauty and simplicity of his soul that his cherished friend was the little daughter, now to leave him to continue her education in America. Hand in hand we see them again in this record of faithful service.

This little book is not written for the aged, who quietly watch the fading tints of sunset, but for the young people of our churches who should be beginning the work of the day. There is in it nothing of thrilling adventure, nor hairbreadth escapes, nor wild jungle scenes, only the plain tale of a life of high purpose and heroic endeavor, fashioned after the life of

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Him who walked the streets of Nazareth and taught on the shores of Galilee—a story of faith and courage and grit that will prove an inspiration to every young Christian who longs to do "noble things."

As Dr. Merriam has so admirably said, "Dr. Day has been called the founder, Dr. Clough the apostle, but surely Dr. Jewett was the saviour of the Telugu Mission." His service of thirty-five years is one of the brightest pages of missionary history and might well occupy a larger volume. But there are so few short, attractive missionary stories written for young people, that we believe Miss Jewett's unpretentious work will be wider-reaching than the ordinary biography. Nothing is more needed in young people's societies and Sunday-schools than the modern, bright, and attractive story of missions. We wish that the present volume might be the beginning of a series which should fire all our young people with zeal for the work of Christ throughout the world.

LUCY W. WATERBURY.

BOSTON, MASS.

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CHAPTER I

OUTWARD BOUND

Going out from the home I love,
  Going out over land and sea,
Going out into unknown worlds,
  Working, my Lord, for thee.

Going out, yet not alone,
  Lord, thou didst go before,
Keep me, O Lord, in my going out,
  Now and forever more.

Go ye into all the world.

ON a beautiful autumn day in 1848 a vessel lay moored to a wharf in Boston harbor. There were signs of great activity on board, for in a short time she was to renew her life of hard toil and set sail on a four months' voyage to India. The grim captain smiled with satisfaction when the last portion of his cargo, which consisted of ice, was stored away in the hold; but the smile rapidly changed to a frown

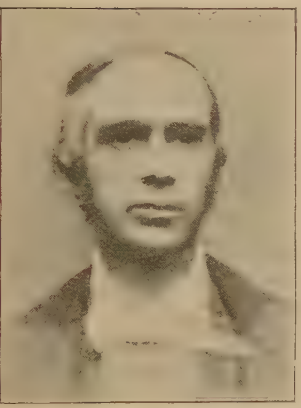
as his eyes lighted on his little company of passengers, fourteen in number, bidding farewell to their friends; and his manner to them henceforth became as frigid as his cargo.

"A pretty time we will have of it," he muttered to himself, "with a parcel of praying missionaries on board. We'll make it none too pleasant for them." Having made this resolve he turned away to give the final orders, and ere long "The Bowditch," with fluttering sail, turned her prow toward the East.

"We were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part," wrote one of the Pilgrim Fathers at the departure of the "Speedwell," and with like feelings did the company of friends wend their way sorrowfully homeward.

With the words of her son, "We part cheerfully, mother," ringing in her ears, a little gray-haired woman started for her home in Maine. Retracing her toilsome journey back to the lonely farmhouse, she pondered over the events that had recently taken place. Throughout the years that

had rolled away there had been no break like this. As far back as she could recall, the robust Jewetts "bred to the land," had sown the springtime seed in the harsh New England soil, and as regularly reaped the mellow harvests in autumn. Character, high intelligence, the power to overcome obstacles, had also been the fruits of this struggle with nature; but there had been but little of the broadening study of the wider fields. To the tender nature of her youngest son, Lyman, had come visions of the labor needed in the lands of the Master Husbandman far away; and now, after years of preparation, he was hastening with his young bride to his life-work.



"Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." There ascended thereafter from the farmhouse altar a triple incense of gifts, prayer, and loving thought for the "poor, wicked heathen." The thin, rustling letters that so rarely arrived from the foreign country were passed with pride among the neighbors at the quilting bees, and the arrival of a box of strangely perfumed curios was the town talk for many a day. The dear mother's fears that she might never again see the sender of these gifts were realized.

A stately steamer rapidly cuts a rent through the yielding waves. The electric lights flash over the water, and reveal within a scene of warmth, good cheer, and beauty. No modern appliance which would administer to the comfort of its passengers is lacking. Contrast with this picture of to-day the lonely ice-ship slowly wending its monotonous way for months without one glimpse of land. Place in each rudely improvised cabin one ineffective taper at evening time. Imagine one's self seated at a pine table partaking of

mysterious looking stews, and very original desserts, served in thick crockery of a clayey hue, and on glass that had become "cut" from hard usage. Divest the entire living apartments of any pretentions to adornment, and one has a fair likeness of this temporary abode of our friends, the missionaries.

A quaint and demure little group of matrons was seated upon deck doing fancy-work. The gentlemen had been watching the gambols of dolphins that followed in the wake of the vessel, and the dexterous fingers of the ladies were fashioning little things to be sent to the homeland as mementos of the voyage. Bright bits of silk were strewn around waiting to be perpetuated in cushions to adorn the new homes to be. A book from which one of the number had evidently been reading lay discontentedly on its face to make room for the enlivening conversation and cheerful laughter. The picture of the sanctimonious missionary, which imagination often conjures up, would not have found its fulfillment here.

Our bride was among the number. Her dress was of brown barege, made a trifle low in the neck, and gathered and shirred elaborately down the front. The sleeves were puffed and adorned a third of the way from the shoulder with a festal-looking ruffle. The hair was parted plainly and solemnly to the crown of the head, and carried over the ears after the approved fashion of the day.

As the captain chanced to pass by unnoticed, he heard the laughing comments made on the extremely scant rations of water allowed, and the tantalizing descriptions of the streams of it that were allowed to go to waste in the dear homes in America. And as later the sweet strains of some old-fashioned hymn were borne to his ear, and the pleading prayers that he and his crew might learn to know and follow the Lord, his rough encrusted heart was strangely moved by the bravery and happiness of the little band, and he began to cherish a vague wish that he might know more of that heavenly reward of which he had heard a little as he had

passed them and repassed. Before the voyage was over, he and some of the men accepted Christ as the Captain of their salvation, an earnest of God's Spirit with them in the days to come. He became a faithful friend of the missionaries, often visiting them at their homes while the vessel was in port, until he was called to his reward.

At length the time drew near when the friends must separate. United in study of the word, the foreign languages, in recreation and work, they had become endeared to each other. Eleven of the party had been sent out by other Boards than the Baptist. Mr. and Mrs. Jewett were to accompany the beloved founder of the Telugu Mission to Nellore, to help resuscitate that drooping child of the American Baptists. Borne on the "spicy breezes" of the tropics, with sails glistening white in the brilliant sunshine of India, the weary ship was nearing its port, while more than once was heard:

> Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel,
> Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale.

The melodious songs of the sailors at their work gave way to the clamors of the dusky Madras boatmen who swarmed around the ship in their awkward boats. Strange crafts tossed about in the untranquil harbor, while a boiling surf rolled between them and the shore. A multitude of swarthy people gathered on the beach, staring at the passengers of "The Bowditch," who escaped from the Scylla of the boatmen only to be engulfed in the Charybdis of the hackmen. They drove through streets discordant with the unmusical cries, and reeking with odors, typical of the unrest and degradation of heathenism.

CHAPTER II

AT HOME IN INDIA

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris or Rome?
The many make the household,
But only one the home.

—*Lowell.*

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

A PROFUSION of silver, choice bric-a-brac, and everything that loyal friendship and loving hearts can give, is showered upon a bridal home in America. But all these lovely things do not make the home. It is the spirit that breathes through it that does that, and so while these young people looked forward to plain living and but little of the æsthetic, the prospect of home life was none the less pleasant. There was no bulwark of Chris-

tian homes in India in that day, but the few that were scattered here and there were the most eloquent sermons that enlightened women could preach to ignorant motherhood or neglected child-life. The extent of helpful influences that came from them, could no more be estimated than that which is breathed forth in the fragrance of flowers or songs of birds.

One of the first things for the new missionary's wife to do was to perform her share in rekindling the family fires that had died down when Mrs. Day had been obliged to return to America ten years before. Everything that was to make the now neglected mission bungalow cozy and comfortable had to be purchased in Madras, and Mr. Day with his experience in dealing with the slippery bazaar-men, or storekeepers, piloted the new-comers through the amusing but hazardous experiences of shopping. A foreigner even in the bazaar of to-day must be strategic as a general, wily as a serpent, to accomplish the feat successfully, and the wildest excitement prevalent on a bargain day at

home is mild compared to the purchasing of an ordinary article on an ordinary day at an Indian bazaar. The would-be purchaser must keep a clear head as he encounters line after line of gesticulating salesmen guarding the little dark mud stores, and maintain a stolid indifference toward the most coveted article.

Our friends were much puzzled as they watched Mr. Day go through what to them was an almost pantomimic performance. He would point to an article, the salesman evidently would name a price, Mr. Day would then turn away toward another store until called back. This proceeding was repeated until the man with a dissatisfied air reluctantly handed out the object. "I purchased it for a third of what he first asked, and the old fellow is probably exulting this moment over his share of the bargain," explained Mr. Day. In this way must be purchased the plain teapoys, or little tables, bamboo furniture, safes for food, and matting for floors. The tempting arrays of exquisite Oriental work must for the present at least be passed hurriedly

by and left to allure some of the gay English ladies who are out for an airing. Our friends can stop only for the needful and prosaic.

Could the "Old woman who lived in a shoe" have looked in upon the missionaries a few days later, she certainly would have sympathized with them upon their contracted quarters. There they were in a boat about twenty feet long and four feet wide, with a small shelter in the center so low that it was impossible to stand upright under it, yet furnishing a necessary protection from the blistering heat of the day. On this primitive conveyance had been placed everything that was necessary for a three days' trip by canal, and two by palanquin—bedding, books, chickens, as well as the belongings of the boatmen. And yet there was a considerable degree of comfort experienced, as the boat was sailed over the lakes, or propelled by poles, or dragged along by the boatmen who walked on the banks. This journey may now be taken with comfort and speed on the government railroads.

Up through a winding driveway, bordered with palm trees, mangoes, and tamarinds, a bungalow was reached. Pink clusters of Rangoon creeper, a delicately tinted jasmine, the vivid scarlet of the

poinsettia, and the wonderful range of the abutilon from red to purple, made fragrant and gay the entrance to the Nellore home. The cool, darkened parlor was a most grateful exchange for the pitiless heat without, and one was sure to be particular about getting a seat within range of the

punka. This punka, or fan, is a much more dignified affair than those seen in our Boston restaurants to-day, and is kept in motion by coolies who exchange with each other, and are only too thankful to get the work with the extremely small salary attached. Ropes extend from the long board with its heavy fringe through an aperture in the outside wall, and are pulled by the native who sits on the veranda. Should the poor fellow doze off and drop the ropes from his relaxed hands, the prickly, stinging sensations arising from the suddenly stilled heat are indescribable. And if this little episode awakens one from midnight slumber the aggravation is intensified.

Here in this tile-roofed bungalow had Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, under the guidance of their ever-wise friend, Mr. Day, set up housekeeping. And was there ever housekeeping under such difficulties? It seemed not to the lady in charge. To save the missionaries' strength for more important things, servants must be obtained. Each one for a mere pittance would do some

one little line of work such as his honorable ancestry allowed. It would be a sin for the cook to set or clear away the table, or for the man who took care of the mission house to do anything about the grounds. All were skillful imitators in their work, but so accomplished in the art of stealing, so adroit in lying about it. If the members of the household had a leaning toward cow's milk in preference to goat's milk whitened with chalk and water, then the cow must be milked at the door every morning and the process watched. Partially eaten roasts, so difficult to get, were mysteriously "taken away." Coffee was strained again and again through the table linen, but the stains left were never from coffee. Of course the tailor took a share of whatever was put into his hands, for was it not "custom"? So henceforth all sewing material must be kept under lock and key, and every bit of cloth measured. Even the sticks of wood were carried off to his little mud hut to replenish the fires there.

In contrast to this, years afterward when Mr. and Mrs. Jewett were to return to America, one of the domestics who had been converted in the mission school, said he had decided that he must devote a tenth of his earning to his Lord. He was earning forty-two dollars a year, out of which he housed, boarded, and clothed himself and family. "Well," Mr. Jewett would say, when something would be missing, "if these people were perfect, they wouldn't need us." Under the guidance of a corpulent old Brahmin, the mysteries of the Telugu language were made plain, and when there was some point that he could not explain, he would complacently remark, "The wise forget." This toil at the beginning led on to the golden days when Mr. Jewett should revise the translation of the word of God in the Telugu language.

CHAPTER III

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW

Save the man in the boy,
In the thought save the deed.
Let the whirlwind uproot the young
tree if it can,
Save the seed from the north wind;
So let the grown man face out fate,
Save the man-seed in youth.
—*Owen Meredith.*

He said unto him, Feed my lambs.

THE little room was carefully "put to rights," and the best preparation possible under the circumstances made for a school—clean sand on the floor in which to write the Telugu A, B, C's, a few pictures on the walls. In fact nothing that was necessary was lacking, except scholars. No newly fledged M. D. ever looked more eagerly for patients, no newly established business for customers, than did the mis-

sionaries watch for scholars. Finally to their joy one arrived, then two, until at last there were actually five, two boys and three girls. Such unkempt, unclothed specimens, decorated with cheap, gaudy

jewelry, the heritage of generations of heathenism.

The child standing in the corner with matted hair and unpromising appearance, bears the appropriate name of "Pappamma," or "Sin." And in this sickly little school must be the nucleus of an edu-

cated Christian womanhood and manhood that should be splendid witnesses for the "Truth" all over that portion of the Telugu land. But there was no time to stand soliloquizing over the new arrivals. The missionary's own hands must make them respectable, and proceed to introduce them to school life. "If these will only stay," thought Father Day, remembering past years. But no! One day there would be four in the school, the next day, like the blackbirds, "there were none." Mothers would take them out for fear they would become Christians, or perhaps to earn a few pence. Mrs. Jewett said afterward: "Having planned a good school, and not having prepared for so many disappointments, I was taken seriously ill. But we found in nearly every instance, when allowed to remain, both boys and girls were converted and became valuable helpers to new missionaries as they came and occupied different stations."

By the roadside stood the humble church. It was here that after nine months' study of the language, Mr. Jewett preached his

first sermon. Most of his audience consisted of a gaping, wondering crowd peering in at the doors and windows, laughing and chattering when their curiosity was satisfied, and then passing on with burdens to give place to others.

It had been saddening to Mr. Day to see how, during his enforced absence in America, the results of the early toil in the mission field had been almost effaced, so far as human eye could judge. But with a patient heart he began again to sow the seed, and with his one thought ever the saving of these Telugus, he labored on until, in 1853, illness again obliged him to leave India, never to return.

The face of the younger missionary soon became a familiar sight in the bazaar, where he felt he could come in touch with the people. There he distributed leaves of Scripture which were often returned as wrapping paper around his own purchases. Tour after tour did he make to the surrounding villages, often unfastening the saddle from his tired pony's back and using it for a pillow. Like Jacob of old,

he must have had blessed visions of the angels and sweet promises of the future, for amid the trials of clinging to a forlorn hope, of being enlisted in an unpopular cause, he had a heart so entirely at leisure from itself, that he could go on tranquilly, energetically working for others. Quoting from a letter written a few years after his arrival in Nellore, he says: "In the cool of the day, we went to the old stand under the great tree in the middle of the street and for a long time preached to a large assembly. We stated with great fullness those glorious truths of Christ's incarnation and his glorious work. I went home greatly comforted in the thought that we had such an opportunity, and such minds for the work. Off we set again, and went on and on so awfully tired that I could hardly endure to live, and yet obliged to sit in the stirrups." At another time, having been caught in the monsoon weather and lost his way, he writes:

I thought, "Pony will know the way," and so gave loose reins, but he wandered about and lost me in the big village. Seeing an

old man I begged him to show me the road to Nellore. So he hobbled along, calling on the names of several of his gods, and put me right. Well, two miles on, or so, from the village, a violent, cold, pelting, chilling rain set in with winds high. In a moment I was soaked. I had no other prospect than that of walking through the mud for six or eight miles, from which pony with difficulty dragged out his feet, and was comforting myself with sweet thoughts of better times at last. I thought also of taverns with big fires at home. Soon the rain ceased, and I came to a native sutrum (resting-place) and went to sleep on the cot without mattress or pillows. It was very nice. I was so tired. Heathenism doesn't seem to fall very fast today.

Three years had rolled away since "The Bowditch" had anchored in the Madras roadstead, when the first converts, two in number, were led into the baptismal waters. One of these was little Pappamma, now named Julia. The last time that she was taken from the school she wept constantly, and wrote a tear-stained letter begging to be taken back. The child grew into a woman-

hood which alone would have repaid a journey across the waters. "She improved day by day, till she was able to appear and speak for the Master in any society." The little school grew and sent out teachers to other schools, the church by the roadside had a reverent, thoughtful congregation that decorously remained seated within doors. When there came a time that appropriations ceased for the former, nothing daunted, Mother Jewett inspired the girls to take hold and fashion articles, plain and fancy, to be sold to the English ladies in the place. Obstacles were not for a moment to be looked on, except to be overcome; for these young lives could not then be turned adrift into heathenism. The little room had long before been too small to accommodate all the neat, bright-faced boys and girls who wished to attend, and a building had been erected on the previous site of an old heathen temple.

Some of the "boys and girls" were gray-haired fathers and mothers who at the sunset of life, willing to become as little children, sat side by side with their sons

and daughters on the mats learning to write in the sand. For many and many of them it proved to be that "at evening time it shall be light." Larger companies in the bazaar gathered around the missionaries and their assistants these days, women with babies astride their hips, men with tools in hand, and sometimes even a pompous Brahmin. Yet to those who were at home anxiously watching for results, for large numbers of converts, the first thirteen years of toil seemed barren indeed of fruits, and heathenism seemed to fall slowly.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE BALANCE

Faith that withstood the shocks of toil
and time,
Hope that defied despair,
Patience that conquered care,
And loyalty whose courage was sublime.

And having done all, to stand.

WHILE the work in Nellore was going cheerfully on, and there were great rejoicings at the signs of success, all unconscious to these workers a heated discussion had been taking place in Albany, N. Y., at the annual meeting of the Missionary Union, as to whether the Telugu Mission should be abandoned. The results had been so meager, the money spent so much and so difficult to obtain. Why not give it up, and send the few missionaries who were on the field elsewhere? Other Boards in time might

take it up. For hours the question had been considered from every point of view. As Dr. N. Colver, then pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, was always in any good fight, and generally ready to take the

part of the assailed or weaker, it was very noticeable that he was silent throughout the whole discussion. Later on a brother got up favoring the discontinuance of the mission, and closed with a Latin quotation. Another honored friend, agreeing with him,

arose and quoted Scripture, ending thus, "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone."

All felt that the mission was receiving its deathblow. Then arose old Dr. Colver and said: "Brethren, I have been listening to this discussion all the afternoon, and I suppose you have wondered why I did not have my say as usual, but the fact is I couldn't make head nor tail of it. But when that brother over there got off that Latin, it made it all clear, and I thought, Yes, we've got to give up the mission. But when afterward that Scripture was quoted to that effect, I had to speak. 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.' Why, brethren, Ephraim was no heathen; he had his chance. Give the Telugus a good chance." As the doctor was a self-educated man and knew no language except his own, his allusion to the Latin raised a laugh, which changed the atmosphere, while his fearless showing-off of the misquotation carried conviction, and the subject was laid upon the table.

Nellore, being then the only station, it

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had been designated in the meeting as the "Lone Star Mission." Dr. S. F. Smith, author of our national hymn, caught up the idea, "Lone Star," and embodying his opinion of the question, wrote those beautiful lines beginning, "Shine on lone star," and quietly handed them to a friend of his, expecting to have them returned. To his surprise they were read in public. Many wept as they heard them, and no more was said then about abandoning the Telugu Mission. A friend had written to Nellore: "If the Union gives up the mission, what field shall you take up, Jewett?" Back came the word; "If the Missionary Union gives it up, Lyman Jewett will go back there and work by himself with the Telugus." And at another time; "I would rather labor on here as long as I live, than to be torn up by the roots and transplanted." "Faith and my conscience tell me that I am not laboring in vain in the Lord."

Nine years had passed since that time, and thirteen years since Mr. Jewett had first gone to Nellore. The work was still increasing, but the ones who had toiled

were physically weary, and hard work and burning heat and sad days had broken down health. There were two graves in one corner of the Mission Compound, where the two little boys had been laid away. It was felt that a change was needed for the three children who remained. But hard as it had been to leave the homeland, it was far harder to leave the dear Telugus and the beloved work, even though there were those most efficient missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, who would carry it on.

Many of the old familiar friends who had bidden them Godspeed in 1848 had passed over the river, and the country, on account of the Civil War, was in a state of commotion. It was here, however, that the little ones must be left to be educated; here that strength must be gained with which to return to India. So again the journey was accomplished in a slow sailing vessel.

Almost the first words that greeted the weary travelers when they reached America were that the abandoning of the Telugu Mission was again under consideration at the annual meeting of the American Bap-

tist Missionary Union, in Providence, and the question was only awaiting a decision until the arrival of Mr. Jewett. To him who had been there it seemed as if one might as well think of abandoning light for eternal darkness, health for sickness, a flourishing garden for a wilderness. Abandonment meant locking up the little schoolhouses forever, closing the churches, shutting up the Christian home, and taking away the cup of eternal water, which many were now eagerly seeking. The Christians themselves were too poor, too few in number, too recently established in the faith, to carry on the work alone. Abandonment meant the deprivation to the Baptists of the privilege of leading thousands of souls into light. Then this quietest of men, who gave up to others where simply his own personal reputation or comfort was at stake, but was inflexibly decided where right was concerned, replied that he would go back alone and live and die, if need be, among the Telugus. Thus was the matter decided once and forever.

CHAPTER V

IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN

And him forever more I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the beautiful sea;
He healeth the sightless eyes;
Before him the demons flee,
To the dead he sayeth, "Arise";
To the living, "Follow me";
And the voice still soundeth on
Through the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be.

—*Longfellow.*

And he went round about the villages teaching.

ONE evening, just at sunset, there might have been heard the tinkling of bells, the slow rumbling of heavy carts, and the shouts of native drivers urging on their stolid bullocks. "Somebody must be moving." Beds, tables, chairs, and boxes were piled up or tied to every available corner. The projecting tent poles told the story. A touring expedition was on the tapis. Ongole, seventy miles distant, was the destination, and these bullock bandies, going at the rate of one and a half or two miles an hour, and sometimes even faster, were the means to an end. Back of the missionary bungalow, stood another of these high two-wheeled carts with its cover of bamboo matting on a frame, and the floor covered with straw to make the jolting a little less disastrous in its results. Goglets of water were tied to each corner, and other usefuls needed by the way.

At last, relieved that the exhausting bargaining for the carts was over, the freight actually off, the would-be occupants of the last vehicle proceeded to start, but no driver

was to be found. But after an hour and a half, which he explained that he had taken to eat "rice" and take a little doze, he appeared, and calmly giving a twist to the tails of his animals, they too were off—off over the moonlit roads at a slow pace, crawling past an occasional hamlet with its occupants stretched sleeping on the verandas, past the glittering pagodas housing the hideous gods. Sometimes stopping to alight and stretch the cramped limbs in a midnight stroll over the lonesome roads, sometimes passing through avenues lined with majestic looking trees interspersed with tall flowering shrubs whose gay blossoms looked pale in the solemn light, they went slowly onward. A midnight picnic in some more open spot by the roadway was a frequent occurrence, and this was often accompanied by weird songs in the night from the driver or any chance acquaintance he might have taken along or met on the way.

Thus did "Father and Mother Jewett" cover the way to Ongole. They rested in the travelers' bungalow or tent by day, stopping perhaps for some time in the larger

villages to spread the "word." As soon as the strangers halted there would be the wildest hubbub, the village dogs barking violently, men peering in at the carts, women and children in gay scraps of clothing—scarlet, yellow, or white—staring at

all, and running away if accosted. Finally the destination was reached, and there the tent was pitched for several days, giving a succession of fairly good nights' rest, when the air was not too sultry or the rapacious dogs did not push in under the tent flaps seeking refreshments. Out in the streets

the truth was preached to a company of orderly if not eager hearers. To these poor people, whose chief thought of God was a demon to be propitiated, the conception of a pure Christ who was at the same time a God, and yet a friend, was too surprising to be received all at once. Sometimes they would hear with attention, and then break out with such irrelevant questions as "How many wives have you?" "What are your clothes made of?" "Have you any children?" And the like.

When they did not listen well then the missionary would try to tell the story in some different way; but his heart longed to place among them some of Christ's followers who might day after day open up these doctrines to them. There was no sense of distance between him and his Heavenly Father, and this needy populous district was constantly borne on his heart and in prayer to God that they might ere long be shepherded. It was on a New Year's morning at four o'clock that a little party of five climbed a hill overlooking Ongole, and held the well-known prayer

meeting. In Dr. Downie's History of the Telugu Mission, Julia describes this meeting:

I carried a stool and Ruth carried a

mat, and when we reached the top of the hill we all sat down. First we sung a hymn, and Father Jewett prayed; then Christian Nursu prayed; then father read a portion of Isaiah, fifty-second chapter, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." Then Mother Jewett prayed, then I prayed,

and then Ruth prayed. When Father Jewett prayed, I remember that he said: "As the sun is now about to rise and shine upon the earth, so may the Sun of Righteousness arise quickly and shine upon this dark land." After we had all prayed, Father Jewett stood up, and stretching out his hand, said: "Do you see that rising piece of ground yonder, all covered with prickly pear? Would you not like that spot for our mission bungalow and all this land to become Christian? How would you like it? Well, Nursu, Julia, that day will come." Then we all spoke our minds, and just as the meeting closed, the sun rose. It seemed as if the Holy Spirit had lifted us above the world, and our hearts were filled with thanksgiving to the Lord.

That very site of land was afterward purchased and cleared up by an Englishman who built a bungalow on it for himself. But the tent still continued to be the headquarters of the frequent touring expeditions. Six years had passed away, when at last the coveted place was for sale at a low price. Was it a God-given opportunity? It seemed so to Mr. Jewett, for without money to pay for it, or any occupant for it after it

was paid for, he consulted Mr. Douglass, recently arrived from America, borrowed two hundred and fifty dollars at a high rate of interest, and giving that, and his note for the balance, obtained the transfer of the deed. He had a friend in the Indian Territory, a Mr. Wright, who had voluntarily done much for missions. "And so," to quote his own words, "I plucked up the courage to write to our friend Mr. Wright that I had purchased a mission house in Ongole, and now came to him for the money. He soon wrote me, 'My dear brother: I had some of the Lord's money on my hands and did not know what to do with it. I had not read more than three lines of your letter before I knew what to do with it. You asked for seven hundred and fifty dollars and I send you nine hundred and fifty dollars.'" Then in concluding, Mr. Jewett says: "What would Esther and Mordecai have given for a prophet to consult when the whole Jewish race were sentenced to death? But they had nothing but Providence. We have the same Providence to consult in our emergencies."

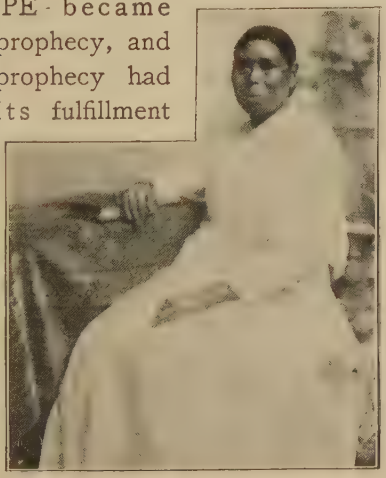
CHAPTER VI

EARLY HOPES FULFILLED

There are buds that fold within them,
  Closed and covered from our sight,
Many a richly tinted petal
  Never looked on by the light;
Fain to see their shrouded faces,
  Sun and dew are long at strife,
Till at length the sweet bud opens:
  Such a bud is life.

And they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.

HOPE became prophecy, and prophecy had its fulfillment in the lovely lives that blossomed forth from such unpromising soil. Many



have long since been gathered home. Others are still shedding their fragrance throughout the land of the Telugus.

Of stalwart and notable appearance is Canakiah, who wedded Julia, and whose life has been faithfully and well spent for the Master. A tower of strength in prayer was removed when God called Lydia. So venerable was her appearance, so remarkable her utterance, that Dr. S. F. Smith, in his visit to Nellore, called her Anna the Prophetess. Of high caste, she was at first a bitter opponent to the Christians, but her heart was touched as she heard the word. Bringing in some sand from the seashore, she asked the Christians to teach her to trace the alphabet in it, that she might learn to read the Bible and study it. Her wish was fulfilled, and she was thoroughly converted. She said she had seen how Christ's people lived day by day, and sometimes she wished to be present to see how they could face death.

In the school was a Mohammedan lad named Charlie. Holding the characteristics of his race, he was a high-spirited,

domineering little fellow, difficult to manage. But he also became changed, and when at the age of fourteen his young life was passing away, Lydia said she was satisfied to see how a Christian could die. For an hour and a quarter he prayed steadily, and then there dawned upon his fading sight comforting gleams of the after life. "Oh, Jerusalem, how numerous are thy gates! Through which one shall I come up to thee?" "Who are you?" he said, looking at the friends around him. "I see the hosts of God." With these triumphant words the little lad joined the redeemed.

Four miles out of Ongole was a forlorn mud hut. Here by special request came Mr. and Mrs. Jewett one day to visit its owner, Obalu by name. More dissatisfied with his condition than most of his people he had fairly haunted the missionaries. After hearing their words the very first time, he had said, "I am sunk in the sea of sin. Those are the words I want," quoting from the words of Mrs. Jewett. Climbing to the smoky roof he took

down a smokier looking bundle, and removing its profuse wrappings showed us a little heathen book written on a palm leaf. It was all the guide to heaven he and his ancestors possessed. When this earnest man came to Nellore to be baptized, and saw in the chapel the neatly dressed and happy Christians, and received their warm greetings, he burst into tears and said, "Oh, how different is this from heathenism!"

When the mission house was finally secured in Ongole, Obalu built for himself a small house in a corner of it, and there as he plied his loom at his daily toil he prayed constantly that a missionary might be sent to occupy the house. And when "Father Jewett" left for a furlough in America he went one hundred and eighty miles to plead that he would bring back some one with him for Ongole. His prayers were answered, for in 1864 Mr. Jewett sailed for India with the man whose labors have been so marvelously blessed, John E. Clough.

Only brief mention can be made of the

noble, refined Krishinalu, who after a visit to this country laid all her fine gifts on the altar. Impulsive, courageous, a fluent speaker in four languages, her influence over all was remarkable.

To close the list there is none more worthy than Rungiah. When the school was first opened in Nellore, a little lad would come peeping in at the windows, saying, "Ma'am, I want to come to school." In his hands he bore a rude violin, with which he used to accompany the songs he sang to Vishnu, and on his forehead were broad marks showing his allegiance to that God. Time and time again the request was repeated and granted, and as often would the father, a bigoted priest, hurry his little son out of the school back to his musical duties, by which he earned a few pennies. Finally, seeing the earnestness of the child, who in spite of hindrances had now learned to read nicely, "Mother Jewett" promised him fifty cents a month to teach the smaller children a portion of the time daily, which lucrative position his father allowed him to accept.

For the last time he dressed as usual to play and sing his heathen songs, and then that chapter of his life was closed forever. He became a devout Christian, and embraced every educational opportunity possible. His work in Nellore and Ongole was true and satisfactory, while in the young mission at Madras, where helpers were scarce, he was a mainstay. While missionaries have come and gone, he has remained faithful to them, to Christ, and his work.

And what shall I say more, for the time would fail me to tell of Christian Nursu, of Venkatiah, of Henrietta, and hosts of others, "who through faith . . . obtained promises . . . out of weakness were made strong."

AN INDIAN GARDEN

CHAPTER VII

IN CITY AND SUBURB

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand,
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid."

—*Browning.*

For here they have no continuing city, but seek one to come.

IN the afternoon, when the sea breezes begin to play among the languid palm leaves, then one may fling open shutters and doors of the darkened house and sally forth to explore the crowded streets of Madras. As restless and unceasing as the huge waves that break upon its shores is the tide of life that flows night and day through its heated streets.

One meets companies of English soldiers on parade; fierce, supercilious Mohammedans, hurrying to their mosques for evening prayer; groups of intelligent-looking Parsees or sun-worshipers, riding in gorgeous barouches, preceded by forerunners to prepare the way; and pale foreign ladies driving to the concerts on the strand; throngs of poor outcasts lugging heavy burdens through the streets, or sitting in idle groups in the dirty road, bearing the still heavier burden of ignorant, half-starved lives; while through the half-closed shutter of that close carriage peers some fair Hindu recluse. Sounds as varied as the sights fill the air—here the shrill cry of hired mourners carrying to the burying ground the exposed remains of some poor creature; there the endless discord of the tom-toms beating up contributions for the idol, to be received by the fat, lazy Brahmin in charge; over yonder the shrill appeals from lines of wayside beggars displaying every variety of deformity; at your side the importunate cries of the peddlers trundling on carts boxes of beautiful Oriental

handiwork ; shrieks of native drivers urging on their tiny, hungry ponies; strains of martial music, and the boom of the magnificent surf, as it angrily defies the resistance of the breakwater, and crashes on the beach.

It was not easy for Mr. Jewett to give up the quieter life of Nellore, where he was now well known, to leave the well-organized work in church, school, and village, to go no more through the country roads into peaceful hamlets beyond, to exchange all this for the noisy life of the city, and with but few helpers to begin again at the foundation work of starting a new station. Though comparatively fresh from the mother country, years of toil were beginning to tell on him, and he writes home to a friend that he has not one black hair in his head. But there had come urgent demands that he remove to Madras, where were eighty thousand Telugus with no missionary. Nellore was well cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Downie, and Miss Mary Day, daughter of Dr. Samuel Day, and so with the capable pas-

tor, Rungiah, whom Dr. Clough now generously spared from Ongole, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett commenced the difficult task in the big city. In contrast to the many comfortable and even palatial residences of the wealthy, was the broad belt of native population huddled by thousands into filthy, unsanitary houses, and unless shown the better way, dying in sorrowful beliefs. It was impossible to live in this portion of the city, but a pleasant home was hired in a place easy of access.

Then came again the time of almost hopeless work, preaching to the uninterested, and the starting of unpromising little schools. But from here too, even while the mission was yet young, were gathered in the golden fruits. There was the precious life of the girl Silvanamma, a member of the girls' boarding school. "Mother Jewett" had laughingly said that she was afraid almost that the child would not turn out well, for there had been no vicissitudes in her course, no obstacles thrown across her path, as with so many other successful lives, until one night

she was stolen away and married to a Roman Catholic. But in her dress she carried her New Testament, and every night after the others had retired she taught her husband to read. He was converted, and with his bright little wife became a useful member in the Madras field.

Woven like threads of gold among the other branches of the work was the revision of the Telugu Scriptures. There was an imperative need for a better translation, and although disliking to give up his share in any of the other departments, all felt that Mr. Jewett alone could render this service, on account of his knowledge of the languages. Closeted regularly six hours each day with a native scholar, he would pore over and weigh the dialectic distinctions in words until the right one was found, and then take his recreation in the evening preaching to the people and counseling the helpers. Mrs. Jewett found much to occupy her also, behind closed doors in the quarters of the caste people, where was a bejeweled, tinkling

throng of unreached women, obedient to the slightest whim of the men, living their dreary, uninteresting days in idle gossip. They at first reluctantly bade the lady missionary, "Come in." But sympathy for their ailments, interest in the children, the promise of some lessons in fancy work, were the entering wedge. Then reading lessons were introduced, and they soon became interested in the Bible, and thus was zenana work started. Feeling, though remotely, the dawning of a new day for women, even in India, the fathers in many instances allowed their pretty daughters to attend a school started especially for them. They sometimes carried whole fortunes of jewelry on their little persons, as many of them were well-to-do, and "with rings on their fingers and bells on their toes," they came daily to the school, under the care of a conductress, until shut in the zenana and out from the world for life.

No merchantman ever looked more eagerly for news of his ship at sea than did these busy missionaries for tidings of the "Nepaul," the ship which was to

bring to them their own daughter and her husband who had left the pastorate of a prosperous little church in New York State for the Telugus of Madras. Nothing could be so providential or satisfactory as to have this bright, consecrated young couple for helpers, and to take their places when they should be gone. Mr. Nichols entered deep into the mysteries of the language, but God had not, after all, for him in store years or even months of toil. It was only a weary, depressing, hand-to-hand struggle with ill-health, until he passed away at the age of thirty-four, having been only two years in the country.

Longing to do not only her own share in the work, but as far as possible her husband's, Harriet Jewett Nichols bravely hid in her heart her own sorrow, and took up the burdens of others. The natives loved her. She could always raise a smile with her own merry laugh, and could talk easily their language. Her society was most welcome to the English friends in the place, but dearest of all was she to the couple

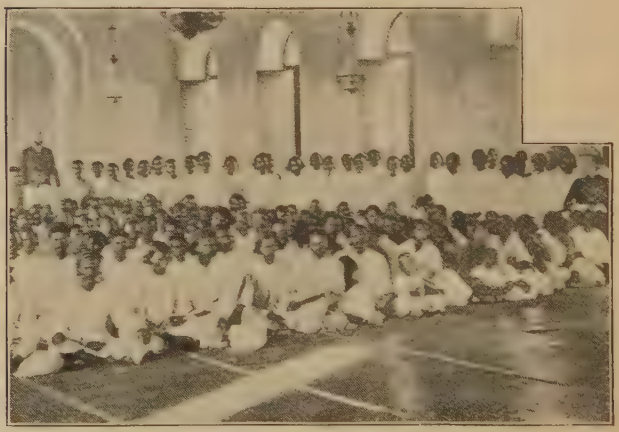
whose last years in India were strengthened by her coming. But in twelve months after her husband's death, at the age of twenty-seven, she was laid by his side in the Pursemankem Cemetery. Just in time to put the roses and lilies in her hands at the last and lend their sympathy to the bereaved hearts remaining, came another young couple from America, Mr. and Mrs. Norman M. Waterbury. No own son and daughter could have been more to them than they were then and afterward. Like one family they dwelt in perfect harmony under the same roof. Mr. Waterbury's fine, trained mind, his alert, unselfish sympathies, made him a true leader. It was well that none of that little group could foretell that a few short years only should pass away, and that then he too would be called from Madras to the "City that hath foundations." Four years hastened on. Mr. Jewett was growing weaker. Mrs. Jewett's health had entirely failed, with their burden of loneliness in parting from the children, their physical weakness, and their hard, discouraging effort in the wicked

stronghold of heathenism, they clung to the work.

Finally the Union sent Rev. E. E. Silliman to relieve them. Mrs. Jewett was then so ill that further resistance was impossible, and slowly they came to the painful determination that they must trust their work to stronger hands. To aid in the growing school and Bible work, Miss Menke, a stanch, true German lady, had been sent out to Madras, and there she remained until wooed away by Mr. Alfred Newhall. And now by '87 there had been considerable accomplished under the eye of God—a station several miles out of Madras, two schools in the city, besides one for boarding pupils in the Mission Compound, and one for caste girls. Then there was the revision work and the zenana work and a strong little church, while the corner-stone had been laid for a more commodious and substantial building.

Another ship lay rocking in Madras harbor, not like the old "Bowditch," a sailing vessel, dependent on a wayward breeze for motion, but a gallant steamship, soon to

bear among its passengers two who, scanning eagerly the receding shores of India, recalled their first unwelcome arrival, and contrasted it with the tender farewell from hosts of friends to-day; the unbroken igno-



rance then and the fifty thousand converts now; the weak beginnings in school and Sunday-school, with the hundreds of trained workers, the well-equipped theological seminary, the large high school, and the many openings in village and zenana and medical work. Surely they could sing as the ship sailed out into the great deep:

My bark is wafted on the strand of grace divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine, other than mine.

All through the years that hand had led and guided and upheld, and now with breaking hearts, as night came on and they looked for the last time on those dimly outlined shores, they could still feel that the same hand would guide them and help them to the very end of the voyage of life.

CHAPTER VIII

HOMEWARD BOUND

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no
Moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as
Moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from
Out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no
Sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out the
Bourne of time and place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Tennyson.*

At evening time it shall be light.

Homeward Bound

IN an upper chamber made comfortable and cheerful with sunshine and easy-chairs and books, rested one of God's workmen. Like the good soldier, he could say:

> I am no longer eager, bold, and strong,
> All that is past.
> I am ready not to do,
> At last, at last.

As a retired veteran who loves to ponder over battles fought and won in which he has taken active part, and on conflicts taking place in which he longs to be, the occupant of this room could continually look back upon past experiences in the mission field and follow with eager vision the advance of the day. But the "peace of God that passeth understanding" encircles him. Friends who drop in are rested by it. The little child loves to visit "grandpa's" room. In the midst of infirmities and ill-health, there was never a harsh or complaining word to mar that beautiful peace. The friendly smile, the warm interest in the smallest details in connection with oth-

ers, the quaint joke and appreciation of one were never lacking. Deprived through imperfect hearing of much general conversation, he appreciated nothing more than a special chat with "that most excellent neighbor," or this "admirable friend." In 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett were obliged to return to America, never to resume their life-work. But the welfare of the mission, their adopted child, was ever on their hearts, and was presented before churches and individuals, and when there came a time that strength failed to do even this, there still remained the rich power of prayer that was poured forth for the Telugus and for the whole world. In the very last days of his life when in suffering, he was constantly interceding for all.

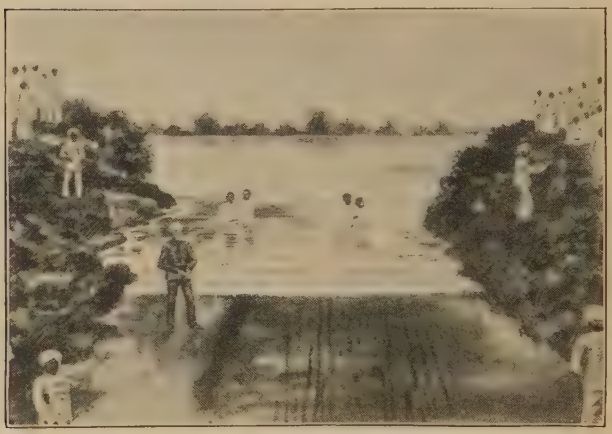
"O thou Creator of heaven and earth, and Creator of redemption, we thank thee for the glorious hopes thou hast given us. O make us sound in the faith, and may we take the whole world on our hearts. Let the deepest thought come upon thy people, and let great blessings come upon north, south, east, and west. We thank

thee for the marvelous work wrought out by the Great High Priest of our profession. Bless all peoples with the blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow thereto. Let thy people see that they have money enough to give for all this." Just at the last he seemed to have a vision of the Christ, for beckoning with an Oriental gesture, he called, "Come, Jesus, come—he is coming," and in a few moments passed away, on the morning of January 7, 1897.

To these imperfect glimpses of his life, we would add the loving testimony of certain of his friends. The first was written by a hand that has long been still, by Mr. Waterbury, who was closely associated with him in the work in India: "His singleness of purpose and his meekness are the everyday features of a Christian man. If it be true that the meek shall inherit the earth, then you may look for this man among the mightiest princes by and by, with Moses and with Jesus; and if you were privileged to listen often to his child-like

prayers, you would be able more intelligently to trace the beginnings of the great awakenings at Ongole back to that little meeting on Prayer Meeting Hill."

A young teacher who has never been out



of his heathen village said quaintly: "After he has been at the foundation work of saving fifty-five thousand people of India, should he not be gathered into the garner of the Lord? When, like Paul, he has fought bravely for the salvation of the Telugus and has finished his course, should he not go to God and receive his reward? This man,

looking forward to his call, his soul all ready, should he not leave the sinful body and enter the glorified body for which he has been waiting? Between him and us there is only the veil of death, therefore we will look forward with joy, being comforted in Christ."

From Dr. Hovey's beautiful tribute, delivered in Clarendon St. Baptist Church, we quote: "I bless God for the completeness of Dr. Jewett's life. The glory and strength of it were consecrated to Christ among the Telugus. My acquaintance with Dr. Jewett began more than fifty-one years ago in the seminary at Newton. He was two years my senior in study, and more than that in age. I recall, as if I had seen him but yesterday on the Hill, his laughing eye, his friendly smile, his uniform cheerfulness, his transparent sincerity, his quiet enthusiasm, his diligence in study, and his frequent participation in social worship. All of us looked upon him as an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. He was perfectly at home with those who were preparing for the Christian ministry. Their aims were

his aims, their hopes his hopes, their purpose and joy were his purpose and joy. So earnest and unconstrained was his sympathy with all that was highest in their spiritual life, that it would have been easy to imagine him saying to this or that classmate, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest, I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' His presence was a benediction. He was unobtrusive, but manly; gentle, but firm; quiet, but strong. The grace of God was in his soul a well of water springing up into eternal life. A man of spiritual insight could have then seen in Dr. Jewett one who would not be likely to look back after putting his hand to the plow, though the soil was rough and the prospect of a harvest distant. For his spirit was animated by love to Christ, and this as the apostle affims, 'beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things.'

"Dr. Jewett was an enthusiastic student of the Scriptures. He was eager to go back to the fountain head of truth, the

original expression of the mind of God. The Hebrew had no terrors for him, though it were dark as the jungles of India, if by penetrating the mysterious, he could find springs of living water that would slake forever the thirst of souls. He took high rank in his biblical studies. With his classmate, Dr. Stearns, he was a true yoke-fellow, and with a pure heart he pressed steadily on toward the goal of high scholarship in the oracles of God, and became well qualified for the eminent service which he was afterward called to render as a reviser of the Telugu Bible. A good scholar in all branches, it was certainly providential that his best work was given to the best of all books, for later, in the midst of his days, it was his high privilege and joy to bring the treasures of that book to millions whom he loved.

"I am unable to speak from personal knowledge of the boyhood of Dr. Jewett. But he was born in Waterford, Maine, having eight older brothers and two sisters. When he was eight years old his parents moved to Buckfield, in the same

State, where the boy Lyman grew up to manhood on a farm, he becoming accustomed to a life of labor in the open air. And so it came to pass that he was sturdy and enduring amid the toils of later years. Perhaps we may see also in this the wise hand of God, who makes all things work together for good to them who love his name."

His last resting-place is in the beautiful cemetery in Newton, near many of those dear friends with whom he held loving fellowship in life. His abiding monument is in the thousands of redeemed Telugus who through his patient endurance through doubt and discouragement will receive the crown of glory at the last day.

The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

SEP 1